

A N

EPILOGUE

RECOMMENDING

The Cause of Liberty

TO THE

BEAUTIES

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

Spoken by MRS. OLDFIELD.

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL.



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EPICURE

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The Game of Liberty

TO THE

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FRONT

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THEATRE ROYAL



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EPILOGUE.



OW since the Force of rude Rebellion's

flashed,

And Loyalty Triumphant lifts her

Head,

Methinks 'twere ev'ry *British* Subject's Care

To kill henceforth the Seeds of Civil War;

Our Chiefs have done their Part, and quell'd the Riot,

But, Ladies, now 'tis yours, to keep us quiet.

Would you your utmost Charms, and Art employ,

How firm might be the Blessings we enjoy?

You scarce can look, or move, but to your Prince

It might be made of Use, and Consequence:

The Thing's so plain—for those, that would de-
stroy all,

Reserve your Frowns, your Favours for the Loyal:
Stout though the Traitor be, that Thought must
grate him,

For who'd Rebel, to have that Circle, hate him?
Or who so cold, that would not Northward roam,
To have from such bright Eyes his welcome home?
With Scorn relentless treat those wretched Elves,
That durst be Slaves to any, but your selves.

For where's the Glory to make him your Slave,
That would not die, his Liberty to save?
Or where indeed your Safety, if your Sense
Should trust his Oaths, who broke them to his Prince?

Happy our Monarch, that his glorious Cause
Such Troops of Beauty to his Service draws,
As happy too those Beauties, whose soft Charms,
Are kept in chearful Lustre by his Arms:
While they, that are his Foes (for such there are)
From Disappointments are no longer Fair,
Pale Envy has of late, so worn the Creatures,
Or Rage so flush'd them, that they've spoild their
Features.

How could their Sense of Freedom be so slender,
To choose a weak, and bigotted Pretender
Before their Faith and Liberty's Defender?
Let them for shame henceforth consult their Glasses,
And mend their Hearts in pity to their Faces.

Women have dreadful Reasons, more than Men,
T'exert their Force against a Tyrant's Reign,
For, where those Rule, they double Fetters wear;
To Slaves all Slaves, tho' exquisitely Fair:
What *English* Heart could bear the *Turkish* Fate?
'Tis cold coquetting in the Sultan's State,
Each Tyrant Spouse is there allow'd ten Wives,
Who lead ('be sure) most comfortable Lives!
There Happy she, that has the Tythe of One,
Whose All were no such Catch, tho' all her own:
In *Persias* Realms, the Female Fate yet worse is,
Mere Cattel there, like Camels fold, or Horses:
In *Spain* and *Italy* but little better,
Where irksome Jealousy's their constant Fetter.
No Sirs,

For Women (search the Globe) you scarce will hit on
One Place so sweet to live in, as old *Britain*:

Some foreign Climes, tis true, more Sun may boast, H
Or better Fruits, Wine cheap, or milder Frost, T
More choice Antiquities, or stately Tow'rs, B
But then they've no such Government, as ours; I
For where's that Realm can shew us Souls so free, A
Or Human Nature in such Dignity? W

Since then such Joys in Britain only flow, T
How much to guard them, Ladies, lies on you? R
And as the World can no such Monarch boast, T
Let ROYAL GEORGE be ev'ry BEAUTY'S Toast. H

